to run at the rate of two miles a minute, is announced in France. It works between two rails, one above and one below, and is itself the motor. Within the great motor is an insulated chamber for passengers. The two rails fill the office of the wires employed in the case of ordinary electric motors, and the machine is so confined between them that there is no chance for it to jump the track.

The writing telegraph is no new idea, having been before the scientific world several years, but somehow or other it has never been made to work successfully. But now comes the Chicago Tribune with the announcement that they have at last got it on a line between that city and New York. It works exactly as does the telephone in point of principle, varying only in the fact that the motion is imparted to the diaphragm by the voice are more violent, moving a stylus at the receiving end of the wire the same as it is moved by the writer at the transmitting end. It is thought that the now perfected plan will run rapidly into use, even to a possible superseding of the telephone. If the latter should happen it would do away with the imperative necessity of instantly responding to a summons to the telephone, which makes life a burden to not a few who have the instrument in their offices or homes. It is claimed that while the writing telegraph appliances will give notice that it is about to deliver a message, it will go on to record just the same whether the recipient be in attendance or not. If the machine will really do all this it should not be much trouble to gain for it an extensive introduction, and even make it the most popular of all the means offered to the public for the transmission of messages between widely sundered points.

HUMAN FLESH.

Devoured with Much Relish by a Party of Brazilians.

ONE OF THE WRETCHES TALKS.

Friends Who Had Feasted with Him Killed, and Their Flesh Devoured.

The Mode of Preparation was to Roast or Broil, Using Freely of Salt and Pepper—Remorse Unknown to the Villain—Sleeps Peacefully.

NEW YORK, July 9.—A little three-column newspaper arrived in town to-day which bore the most sensational news which it probably ever printed. The newspaper was printed on June 1, and was from the state of Chihuahua Santa Rosalia, South America. It is a little out-of-way place from which news comes at rare intervals. On the third page of the paper was an article called "Cannibals in Brazil." This was the story told, a literal translation following: At Salinas, in the state of Minas, Brazil, a man named Clemente Vieira has been arrested charged with eating human flesh. The editor of the local paper, Cida de Leopoldina, visited Vieira in jail and had the following interview with him:

"Is it true that you nourish yourself upon human flesh?"

"Yes, sir," answered the prisoner. "For some time I and my friends, Basilio Leandro and others, have eaten human flesh. We live on it."

"What motive has impelled you to such barbarous acts before God and man?"

"Because we liked it."

"How did you secure the first victim?"

With the utmost frankness Vieira replied:

"Upon going one day to Leandro's house he invited me to eat a piece of his dead child; I had nothing to eat; I was hungry, and I accepted the invitation. The following day, while returning to my house, I found a woman asleep by the roadside. The thought came to me to kill her. I did so, using a stone for my weapon. I took the body to my home. One day later on I killed Simplicio, and invited Francisca and several to help me to eat him. When Simplicio's flesh was consumed, having no other resource, it occurred to me to kill his two sons for a further supply of food. With two blows the deed was done. The flesh of the two children lasted us a fortnight. After this time had elapsed, being thrown again into the old predicament of having nothing to eat, Basilio and myself killed Francisco and devoured him. Finally I discovered that Basilio had stolen a shirt from me. I killed him while he was off his guard engaged in preparing some roots for his supper. I ate very little of him, for I was caught two days after I had killed him.

Vieira was captured in the very act of making a meal off a portion of Basilio's remains, which he was devouring with evident relish, and the soldiers found part of Basilio's body packed away in a barrel prepared with salt and pepper.

"Then has human flesh an agreeable taste?"

"No," he replied' "it is too sweet. The part I found most toothsome to the tongue was the brain. No doubt my stomach was turned each time I partook of human flesh."

"How did you prepare the flesh for eating."

"We ate it roasted or boiled, seasoned with salt and a great deal of pepper."

"And did not the remains of your victims inspire you with fear?"

"Somewhat; yet the sight of them did not affect us, but the fear of detection."

"And do you sleep calmly now?"

"Yes, ever so tranquilly."

"Do you never feel remorse at having been guilty of such deeds?"

"I can't remember that I ever did," he replied.

The man, the newspaper states, will have a trial.

WOMEN THE CAUSE OF IT.

Two Farmers Near Wills Point Engage in Deadly Combat.

Special to the Gazette.

WILLS POINT, VAN ZANDT COUNTY, TEX., July 10.—Pit Eskue was shot and killed by Bob Harper this evening. Both men are farmers, and live about five miles east of this place. The cause of the difficulty is said to have been slanderous reports circulated concerning a lady living in the vicinity of the killing. Harper came to town and gave himself up, and is now in the custody of the officers.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Special to the Gazette.

EDGEWOOD, VANZANDT COUNTY, TEX., July 10.—At 3:30 this evening Robert Harper killed Pit Eskue, some two miles southwest of this place. The particulars, as well as could be obtained, are about as follows: It seems that Pit Eskue had been circulating some slanderous reports about certain parties in the neighborhood, and quite a number had met on this occasion to settle the affair. The lie was passed between Harper and Eskue, and a fisticuff fight ensued. Eskue knocked Harper down and was on top of him, and while in this position Eskue was shot, the ball entering near the heart. He died in a few minutes. Harper claims the pistol was discharged accidentally.

CHAPTER I.—Ethel Jones, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a Philadelphia business man, with no social ambition for his two daughters. Mrs. Jones, however, desires them to shine in society. The father dies, leaving his family in rather straitened circumstances. Thanks to the management of the mother and Ethel's experience at Miss Mayburn's school, Ethel becomes acquainted with Lotty Hathorne, and through her enters society.

CHAPTER 2.—Describes Ethel's first dinner party at Mrs Hathorne's, which she enjoyed tremendously, flirting a good deal with Messrs. Mason Temple, Algernon Fairfax Van Strouslaer, Penn Charter and Branscombe Boullter. She met and was much impressed with Mr. Middleton Hall, a sensible man who had been a friend of her father.

Chapter 3 describes Ethel's first winter. She is discreet, and makes a general success, but is annoyed by the necessity, especially at her first assembly ball, of restraining her desire to be too unconventional. She decides to marry well before the close of the next winter, Mr. Charter being her proposed victim. Her mother promises to go to Narragansett during the summer.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do say yes! I shall be broken hearted if you don't!"

Ah, how I remember the ecstatic bliss of those delicious afternoons, when I stretched myself out on the brown rocks with Bran by my side, looking out on the bright, quickly moving sea, or along the sunburned coast to where lay Newport, mystical and suggestive, shimmering in the hazy horizon! In spite of all Bran's attractions I longed at times to sail over to that magic harbor and see for myself if there were really yachts and drags and magnificent heroes and gorgeous times, as there were reported to be. At Narragansett there were two things to do—"rock" in the afternoon with Mr. Boullter, "piazza" in the evening with Bran. The beach, the studio, the lighthouse, the hops, were as nothing in comparison. Ah, how I remember how we used to start out in the cool sea breeze! While we trudged along the dusty road I thought only of the envy caused in every feminine breast by my easy possession of this tall and graceful creature swinging along beside me, with his bronzed complexion and golden curls, his beautiful coats and careless carriage; but when we had passed the black and dusty pier and had begun to tread the crisp grasses and huckleberries I saw the sweep of the horizon before me, and thought only of Bran and romance!

At last his two weeks were up. I prepared myself for the parting and made up my mind to draw the curtain upon the last bit of poetry in my life—but, to my surprise, he did not go. At first I was inclined to be a little angry, and fancied that he would interfere with my designs on Mr. Charter, but on second thoughts I was very glad he was still on the ground. For, I reflected, if I make a dead set at Mr. Charter he will dodge me, but as he has never taken the trouble to consider that the real private attitude of most girls toward him must be that of indifference he will be confused if I can make him think that I am repelling his advances. If, then, I first make him believe that he is cutting out Mr. Boullter and then am cavalier with him he will be piqued, and it will be easy enough for me to lead on. But I must watch my chances carefully—in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird!

My reasoning was quite just, and the only flaw in my scheme was that Mr. Boullter might see through it; but I comforted myself by thinking that he would not take the trouble to ponder deeply over the reasons which led me to smile on Mr. Charter, and that having had two weeks of me he himself was probably preparing to worship some other divinity before my very eyes.

Before going any further I must recount an affair that made me somewhat dissatisfied with myself. In making a choice among the young men of my acquaintance I had thought for a moment of Mr. Hall, but had decided that his character was too lofty and severe for me to be able to make much of an impression on him. I had come to regard him with a mixture of awe, liking and impatience. His conversation was at times more profoundly interesting to me than that of any other man I knew, and other times he bored me horribly. He was grave without being at all gloomy, and his manner and address always excited my greatest respect and admiration.

Possessed of a large fortune, he had devoted himself to study, and had already written a law book that had been highly praised. I knew well that at some future day he would be a very distinguished man, and a faint flutter agitated my heart at the thought of being his wife; but I did not think myself at all up to his standard, and possibly I may also have shuddered at the prospect of being too good. At any rate, I never attributed the decorous attentions he paid me to anything but his feelings concerning my father, about whom he spoke to me several times; and though I frequently got into very earnest discussions with him, and on more than one occasion hopelessly lost myself in the endeavor to comprehend his explanations of modern theories and the philosophy of history and such deep subjects (I remember that he talked to me one whole evening about Hypatia, which I had just been reading, and though I was desperately interested I scarcely understood half of what he said, and only got a general impression that people had begun to be wicked as soon as they became Christians, and had not grown better as time wore on), still I accounted for his attentions on the score of his general fondness for discussion and his willingness to instruct ignorant little geese like myself.

And I suppose I had an innate dislike for his consistency. He was curiously punctilious and almost irrational in his regard for singleness of conduct. He never spoke of his ideas in any way as if he was thinking of himself as the example of his own gospel—he would as soon have discussed with you his razors or his wristbands—but he often told me that he admired nothing so much as absolute constancy to one's word in everything; and he never would let any consideration affect or change his mind. This I could not understand—it was utterly foreign to my nature. I learned from him to be silent when things did not go as I wished them to go, but his calmness was almost the repose of the elements, and my apparent meekness was compounded of the simplest of mallow hypocrisy and suppressed ill temper. Otherwise Mr. Hall was often a vexation to my spirit.

Some people called him a prig, but he was not. His finer feelings were—but all his feelings were fine! They used to say that once when he was walking through the country he met a poor woman who was an epileptic. Just after he had passed her she fell into a fit. He turned to help her, and the story was that he was discovered sitting by the side of a brook, to which he had carried the woman, waiting for her to recover, and gravely sailing his hat in the water to amuse her little boy. This sounds somewhat like Kenelm Chillingly, but he did not in the least resemble that half legendary hero.

Although my wits had been sharpened by reason of my greater familiarity with the subject, I never suspected him of being in love with me, and he certainly never showed his affections in the way that other young men do.

One evening we had arranged some tableaux at the hotel, and it was decided to finish the entertainment with that clever little sketch, "Place aux Dames." I was Lady Macbeth. Now, Lady Macbeth has to say somewhere or other (I forget exactly how it goes) that Ophelia, who is always quoting what "Ham says," talks as if she were a sandwich, for she never says two words without putting a slice of Ham in between.

When I opened my mouth for this biting sarcasm on Ophelia (who was played by, oh, such a lovely Baltimore girl!) I looked over toward the windows of the dining room in which the stage had been set up, and at one of them, just down by the foot of the stage, gracefully resting his elbows on the ledge and leaning in, was Mr. Boullter. Mechanically I went on with my speech, but was suddenly aroused by a horribly amused smile on his face to the consciousness that I had declared that Ophelia, who was giggling at the side scenes, couldn't say two words without putting a slice of "Bran" in between. For a moment I was covered with confusion, but recovered myself and went on stoutly, puffing myself out to look more Lady Macbethian than ever. I don't think anybody but Ophelia and Bran himself noticed my little slip. Certainly Juliet didn't, for she asked me afterward what made me blush so violently.

After the play was over Bran came up to me and said that I had been "murdering his sleep" for the last two weeks, and that he proposed to do execution on a little of mine in return. "You mustn't go to bed yet," he said. "Come and take a turn or two on the porch before you turn in." It was a night for romance, if ever there was one. The moon hung high in the dusky heavens, and anybody who has ever been to Rhode Island knows how black and smooth its swelling tide can be, how bright and mysterious are the reflections of its lights dancing on the water, how warm and full of whisperings is its gentle breeze. It was but a step from the hotel to the beach—but that step cost! As we sat together in front of the row of bathing houses Bran's voice became more and more intoxicating, his face drew nearer and nearer to mine, and I closed my eyes and said to myself, "If he chooses to kiss me—why he may—that's all!" And of course he did.

I am simply stating the facts as they occurred and I am not attempting to excuse myself, but if all the girls whom Bran Boullter has kissed were to own up it is my private opinion that the list would be enormous.

As I opened my eyes, and while we were still, to say the least, in a very unconventional position, a figure in bathing costume came slowly out of the little alley just beside us, halted for a brief instant in surprise at seeing us there and then hastened down to the water's edge and sprang into the breakers. I pressed Bran's hand, which was somehow or other clasping mine, violently in my emotion and then tore my own away, gasping out, "Goodness! he must have seen us!" Bran took things rather calmly, and in fact began to laugh in what I considered a very callous manner. But he only laughed for an instant and then said:

"It's only Middleton Hall. I entirely forgot that that queer lad indulges his natatory predilections whenever there is moonlight. Bless you, he never saw you, being at present meditating philosophy, which does not make him uncommon lively in his perceptions, and if he did see you," he continued, in a more serious tone, "he could not by any possibility have recognized you."

I was calmed after a little while by Bran's assurances, and by the fact that it really was quite dark under the roof of the bathing houses, but my moral nerves had received too great a shock to permit of my continuing the flirtation, so we returned to the hotel, which Bran said he was loath to do.

Shall I ever forgive myself for my folly? The next day we went on a drive to the Lighthouse. Mr. Hall joined me as, after leaving the carriage, we were walking toward the rocks. Somehow or other something was said about swimming, and I promptly remarked that I had seen him taking one of his nocturnal swims. I could have bitten my tongue off. He turned and looked at me quickly in a curious manner, and all at once I began to feel my old fear of him entirely possessing me. I blushed. I simply stood still and blushed; and as I felt the hot color burning my cheeks I could see the look in his face turn into one of pain and astonishment, and then his forehead contracted into a frown and he half turned away. By this time I was in a state of dreadful nervousness, and, scarcely knowing what I did, I stammered out:

"Oh, Mr. Hall!—please don't think—please don't say"——

He turned to me again, and began to speak in a low, dignified tone.

"I beg," he said, "that you will overlook my great want of self command. If you will allow me to speak for a moment of matters upon which I really have no right to touch you will perhaps pardon my lack of discretion. I must begin," said he, frowning a little again, "by telling you what I had at times hoped you had discovered, that my attention to you arose from a serious admiration of your generous disposition, your great refinement" (this was the result of my demureness!) "and the attractive qualities of your mind. But this interest in you, while it may explain the impulse which led me to discover what otherwise I would not have allowed myself to suspect, and though it will never cease to cause me to desire your happiness, must now cease to prompt me to hope for my own, for it would be idle in me to pretend that what I have unintentionally found out is not perfectly clear to me. And though I have no right to comment upon it, I can at no other time better ask you to forgive me for being so injudicious. Allow me to express to you, my dear Miss Jones, my greatest respect and give you my best wishes; and though I cannot help framing a suspicion as to the identity of the happy man, I promise you that I will not even think of congratulating him until your engagement is actually announced. Forgive me once more for my lack of self control, and pray do not judge it too hardly."

This was too much. My feelings during this polite but really heartrending speech were so conflicting that, when he stopped and looked at me gravely and sadly, I could hardly help screaming with laughter. But I was still actually afraid of him, and I could only stammer out the truth.

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Hall!" I said. "Oh, I don't know what you'll think—but I—I'm not engaged to Mr. ——, I'm not engaged to anybody—and," I added desperately, "I'm not going to be!"

For a moment or two he did not speak, and the expression of his face hardly changed, but he gave a slight start when I first spoke. Then he said, in his deepest tones:

"Then I am happy that you are still in such a position that I may offer you my hand and heart sincerely"— Here he broke off for a minute and then went on to say something about that being hardly the place in which he had looked forward to asking me to be his wife—but I could not listen to him. Heavens! What a fool I felt myself to be! And how noble he was! And yet, despite my admiration for him, I was very much vexed with him. I could not understand it! Why, why, when he found that the girl he liked had been flirting outrageously with another man, did he not give his bridle rein a shake and say adieu forevermore? This was his abominable punctiliousness! This was his consistency! How beautifully he had entangled himself, first by his insane habit of explaining himself, and then by his more insane habit of refusing to take the fair advantage of the game? It is true that he may not have seen anything particular—he may only have inferred from my blushing that something had happened—I protest I don't know to this day exactly what he thought, and I cannot decide with any satisfaction to myself. But I remember what my own thoughts were like! I could hear the chattering of some people behind us, and their inane laughter clattering about the rocks. I longed to sit down just where I was and cry! But I shook myself together. Come, Ethel Jones!" said I, "have you no force of character at all?" At first I felt as if I had swallowed the mucilage bottle, but I motioned to Mr. Hall, who was still speaking slowly and gravely (heaven knows what he was saying!) and began bravely enough.

"Oh, Mr. Hall," I said, "if admiration and respect could make me want to marry you, it would be easy to say yes. But you must not think of me any more. I cannot marry you—you would not be happy if I did."

Here I paused—for want of matter. Mr. Hall was listening gravely; he made a slight gesture of protest. I tried for speech once more—I had no idea of what I was going to say. But I restrained Mr. Hall by convulsive waves of my hand, and presently got my voice, only to lose it again. I gasped out a few words—bade him to forget me—said that I didn't know what he would think of me, and desired him not to say anything more to me about it—"for," said I, with a great gulp, "my nerves won't stand it." And I walked up to the Lighthouse as fast as possible.

Thus did Ethel Jones, the clever, the self composed, the perspicacious Ethel Jones, fail utterly in her first crisis! I can fairly say that with any other man it would have been different; but Mr. Hall magnetized me, and by the superior weight of his character compelled me to exhibit myself in my baldest colors. During the rest of the afternoon I kept laughing feebly to myself while thinking of the picture that I should have presented if I had given way at the critical moment—seated in a stagnant rock pool at the feet of Middleton Hall and weeping bitterly! I was terribly disgusted with myself; I longed to be able to go through it all over again so that I might try to come off successful, yet at the same time I could not help feeling that I had done something vaguely heroic in throwing away such a chance. In fact I do not know which was the stronger feeling—my vain regret or my unwarrantable pride.

After thinking it over for some days I came to the conclusion that after having betrayed myself by that wretched blush I had done the best thing possible in refusing him instead of trying to keep my hold on him, for I felt confident that if he had ultimately married me it would have been only from his sense of honor, and he would have been miserably unhappy to think he was marrying a flirt. And now, I said to myself, it's all over, once for all, and I can begin my pursuit of Penn Charter without being distracted by thoughts of any other man. But though I agreed with myself I was not by any means satisfied. When I returned to town I got together a copy of Matthew Arnold and a beautiful little set of Macaulay's works that Mr. Hall had given to me, and sent them to his club with a note saying that in view of what had occurred I did not feel justified in keeping them. I received a brief answer thanking me for my note, and telling me that he was going to Heidelberg for the winter to study Roman law. So, with a sigh, in which disappointment and virtue still struggled for the mastery, I bade him adieu, and he rode away.

But to return to Narragansett and Mr. Charter. When I came to begin my campaign in earnest I found that I was by no means as confident as I had been. Perhaps the adventure of which I have just been speaking made me doubt the soundness of my foresight and judgment. I certainly felt nervous and perhaps depressed, and I was a little at a loss how to proceed. Luckily Mr. Charter did not come to Narragansett for several days after Mr. Hall had gone away, so my general tone had a chance to improve. Moreover, I was favored by chance while I was still debating as to whether my plan of operations really deserved the name of good generalship, and I was so undecided that I could not instantly take advantage of my opportunities.

It was on the day after Mr. Charter's arrival that several of us had been chatting together on the beach after bathing—digging our feet into the sand, idly flinging little stones into the water, commenting sarcastically upon the rest of our acquaintances—and one by one the others had dropped off until Daisy Canayle and I were left alone with Mr. Boullter and Mr. Charter. Daisy Canayle was rather a horrid girl from somewhere in the interior of New York. The Canayles were absolutely nobody, and no one ever heard of them in the winter; but Daisy always came out at watering places, to which I fancy her family took her for matrimonial reasons. Just now she was divided in her mind as to which of the men she wanted to insnare. On the one hand there was the temptation to take Bran away from me; yet I am quite sure she thought that she might get more out of Penny, for she was an awfully mercenary little wretch, and was always ogling men who were known to send bouquets or who had dog carts—besides which she used to cast her bread upon the waters by giving presents so that return might be made in kind. When I found myself alone in her company I determined to depart, but I checked myself almost immediately and said, "Wait, Ethel, till you see what is going to happen."

As I expected, she finally made up her mind that Penny was her better game. She was lying on the sand leaning her cheek on her hand. Her hair—she really had magnificent hair—was pretending to be drying, and she had it gathered away from the sand and flung over her shoulder. Artless thing! I knew what was coming.

"Oh, dear me!" she said, with a glance out of her eyes at Mr. Charter. "Oh, dear me! This sea bathing is horribly bad for my hair. It is splitting at the end, every bit of it!"

"What a pity," said Bran, laughing.

"Oh, go on, my dear!" said I to myself. "You think Penny Charter an innocent because his remarks are not those of a Talleyrand or a Sheridan. I could tell you better than that."

"Look, Mr. Charter!" cried she, guilelessly, taking up a wisp of the article under discussion. "Just look and see if it isn't."

He took it and smoothed it between his fingers, blushing a little, saying something moderately polite. This was my opportunity. Just as he was withdrawing his hand I sat a little farther away from them and smiled a faint, pitying smile at Bran. Penny saw me, as I intended he should. Of course, if the little flirtation had been of his own seeking he would only have been stimulated by my smile into further advances; but as it was he could hardly help feeling that it had been thrust upon him, and consequently he at once desired to be of my party. I saw him pause a little and I knew my point was gained. Accordingly, while Daisy—who had not seen the byplay—went on making more and more of a set at him, dribbling sand through her rosy little fingers and tossing audacious grains of it toward him, humming little bits of the songs of the season, showing more and more of her delicate ankles—dark blue stockings with white polka dots and Oxford ties look very well under a pink lawn skirt—all this while, I say, I leaned back calmly and talked in a dignified manner to Bran, favoring Penny with one or two more smiles judiciously timed. Presently another man, one of the enthusiastic bathers who was only just through his morning swim, came up, and I rose, feeling that I would not have to leave Bran alone with Daisy—as I might have had to do, though it would have been rather hard on him. Penny jumped up at the same time.

"I say," he said to me rather eagerly, "won't you come and have some clams at the Studio?"

"Yes—certainly," said I; and I moved a step or two to show him I was quite ready.

"Let us go, then," said he, and off we went, leaving Daisy still sitting on the sand, with rather a blank expression on her lovely face.

I threw a bewitching glance over my shoulder at the three behind me. "Yes, love," said I, under my breath, "you may walk all the way up to the hotel with your hair over your shoulders, and much good may it do you!"

If I ever delighted the soul of a man I delighted the soul of Penn Charter that day. We got a seat next to the window and looked out on the yellow sands and the tumbling waves and the extraordinary old women who always bathe at times when they are the only persons to be seen—a sort of proclamation, I suppose, that they know they are so ugly that it is useless for them to try to conceal it. I was in a humor to be charming—and charming I was. Touch my hair, indeed! Before our little lunch was over he thought it the highest favor to have been allowed to tell me that I was losing a hairpin—and I blushed as he told me. As he left me at the hotel he asked me to go driving with him that afternoon, and I consented with a half smile, a half blush and a half courtesy—and I felt that I was now fairly started.

But I had a good deal of trouble. Daisy Canayle was simply furious, and made up her mind at once to cut me out if possible, and as she didn't care what she did when she had once determined on anything she came very near inveigling Penny into a desperate flirtation with her. Luckily she had been a good deal talked about that summer, and the gossips had kindly prepared a reputation for her, so that she did not possess the spice of mystery. If she had I am afraid she would have been successful, for she was, oh, wonderfully pretty! and a man might well have felt that he would have given

> All other bliss,
> And all his worldly worth for this,
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips,

if he had been quite sure that some other man had not done it before him. So that all I had to do was to be dignified and charming, for it would have been fatal to allow Penny once to suspect that I was competing with Daisy.

I took good care not to let myself pass out of his mind in the empty autumn months. I arranged matters so that he forgot some important matter that I had promised to talk over with him until just as I boarded the train for home, and after I had led him on to begging to be allowed to write to me about it I gave a half doubting consent and made the boon so much more precious in his eyes. When he came back to town, therefore, my nets were still tight about him. I had really grown quite fond of him by that time, and when he began once more to be attentive to me I found myself blushing secretly about it, feeling foolishly uneasy when he did not appear, and just as foolishly pleased when he did. But I did not let the world perceive it, as may well be imagined, and as Mr. Boullter still kept hovering round me I was rather glad to have him as a foil. Finally, one afternoon in January, matters came to the conclusion for which I had at first hoped and of which I now dreamed.

Mr. Charter had asked me to go sleighing with him. Frosty was the air and blue the sky, and as we skimmed along the road above the frozen pools of the Wissahickon, the sleighbells tinkling merrily under the rising lifts of pine and spruce, I am afraid that I leaned a little against the warm top coat of my swain, and probably incited him to the taking of the step which I did not anticipate just then. He turned the horse suddenly as we came to a road that wandered down from somewhere on top of the hill above us, and soon, when we stopped after ascending the hill, I looked delightedly over the rolling country about us and breathed deeper the sharp air that set my cheeks aglow, and through whose clear expanse we saw the distant villages and farmhouses distinct against the pale horizon. We had not spoken for some little time. Penny touched the horse and we entered the woods again. Then he drew off his big otter skin glove—I had been wanting to stroke it all the afternoon—and laid his hand on mine, which happened just then to be lying on the robe.

"Ethel," said he, "I want you to—I—that is—look here, Ethel, I—I love you!"

I was rather surprised, so I drew back a little—but in a moment I realized the situation and thrilled and blushed with pleasure. I have already said that I grew much prettier in my second winter, and dare say that just then I was a very pleasurable sight; at any rate poor Penny appeared to think so, for he dropped the reins and extended both hands to me, calling out:

"Oh, do say yes! do say yes! I shall be broken hearted if you don't!"

I breathed rather quickly, and then leaned toward him with a smile, which I suppose he considered to be quite a sufficient answer, for in a moment his arms were about me. Why are men's arms so awfully big when they have on their overcoats and gloves. I felt as if I were in the embrace of an affectionate bear, and I gave a hysterical little giggle as the thought occurred to me, and then I felt perfectly happy.

But there remains something else to be told before I begin to recount the experiences of my married life.

The next evening I was seated all alone in our little parlor contemplating a basket of lovely roses which Penny had sent me. I was alone, because I had insisted that he should go to a dinner at Mrs. Feedham's, though he wanted to stay away, and I was now enjoying myself by fancying the manner in which the news of our engagement would be received—I had resolved to announce it on the night of the second assembly, of course. I had insnared my promesso sposo very quietly. Several girls had congratulated me on my supposed engagement to Mr. Boullter, but nobody had suspected the true state of affairs. So much wrapped up was I in my contemplation that I must have entirely forgotten to say that I was not at home, and if I did hear the door bell ring it could have made no impression on me, for I suddenly looked up to see Bran himself closing the parlor door behind him. I rose somewhat abruptly, and began to consider whether I could ask him to excuse me. My eye was caught by something unusual in his appearance, and I looked at him attentively. He was not in evening dress, a thing remarkable in itself, and his hair was a little more tumbled than usual, but I chiefly noticed a sort of determined look about his face. He came quickly forward and took my hand, which he pressed eagerly.

"My dear little girl!" he said—my heart gave a leap and then—sank. I knew what was going to happen. "My dear little girl!" he repeated, "I say that to you, Ethel, because I'm in love with you." Then he paused for a moment and went on, "I won't say it again if you object, you know."

"Mr. Boullter," said I, as calmly as possible, "I'm very sorry to hear you say so, and I think I had better tell you that I am engaged."

"Oh, heavens!" he said, starting and looking awfully taken aback, "you don't say that—you don't mean to say you're engaged to somebody else, do you?"

"I am engaged to Mr. Charter," said I.

"Now don't get up," he said quickly. "Let me speak to you for a minute, you know. I dare say I oughtn't to ask you to do it, but you needn't fear personal violence. I sha'n't break the furniture—or do any high tragedy."

I made up my mind to listen, and he went on, looking away from me and clenching his hands together.

"You see," he said, "I expected that you would say that I wasn't good enough, or that I was too confounded lazy, or that you would prefer a more first class article—and I thought that I might argue the point with you and get you to give me a chance—but to find you engaged to another man is bewildering. I didn't want to fall in love, you see, and I had been laying myself out to cure myself all winter; but last night I saw you, and, by Jove! I couldn't stand it. And today I argued it all over with myself; and I staid away from Mrs. Feedham's dinner because I heard you weren't going, and came to see you. Well," said he, with a big sigh, "Penny Charter is a good fellow—and a devlish lucky man! Don't be too sorry for me; I dare say that my trivial nature will soon recover; and it may please you to hear that you're the only girl I ever proposed to—I'll take an affidavit to it, if you like. I have succumbed at last. My scalp is gone and my glory has departed. Goodby!"

I think there was a tear in my own eye as I shook hands with him, and I know that his glistened. As the front door shut behind him I never felt more like crying in my life. Not that I had discovered too late that I was in love with him, but I was so awfully sorry for him. I never imagined that I was going to make him fall in love with me; I thought he was girl proof. I wouldn't have done it for worlds, I said to myself mournfully. If it had been Neddy Tryfflebam, indeed, I should have considered myself a public benefactor. But dear Bran! So I mused and so I mourned over him. I didn't mind his thinking me a flirt one bit, because he had always been a most egregious flirt himself. I regarded it as the irony of fate, and wished that it could have been proper for me to have patted his head and told him how sorry I was. I had just arrived at this point in my reflections when the parlor door once more opened (how on earth could I have expected two people on one night?) and in walked Middleton Hall! "Good gracious," I said to myself, "he has come to propose to me too!" This was too much. He walked to me, looking rather pale, but very dignified and lofty. He was in full evening dress, and I could not help wondering whether he had brought home a new crush hat from Lincoln & Bennett's.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Hall," I said, wishing inwardly it were all over.

"I arrived here only this morning, Miss Jones," said he. "I have come direct from Havre. I will tell you without further preface that I have come home on your account. It has seemed to me that your conduct last summer was an evidence of great sincerity and a generous character, and I have been unable to forget you. I wish to tell you that I still love you and to ask you to be my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Hall!" I stammered, "this time I am engaged."

He walked over to the fireplace and stood looking into it for a few minutes, while I felt horribly nervous. Then he came back to where I was sitting.

"I ought not to have gone abroad," he said. "I ought not to have doubted you at all. It is my own fault. I think I have heard you sing the little Heidelberg song, have I not? 'Ach, Scheiden und Meiden thut Weh!' I find it true. Goodby."

There was a solemnity about the awfulness of this last occurrence which I did not by any means appreciate at the time. I knew it was awful, but I was so much pleased with Penny and myself that I really did not give the matter a second thought. I dismissed it from my mind and returned to my engagement. And I am glad that I did so, for it saved me from unpleasant reflections. I was married in April, at St. Mark's, of course. I had six bridesmaids, Lotty being the first. Bran made it quite evident that he would like to have an ushership, and he was accordingly given one, and everything was most successful. My presents were gorgeous, and Mrs. Charter, who had threatened not to go to the church, came round before the ceremony and behaved in a really noble manner. As Lotty put me into the carriage she whispered to me her engagement to Macy [illegible], and left me another the happiest woman in Philadelphia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Caution—Buy only Dr. Thompson's Eye Water. None other genuine.

Short $1500.

Special to the Gazette.

PANHANDLE, CARSON COUNTY, TEX., July 9.—The committee that examined the accounts of T. N. Adams, the absconding tax collector of Carson county, found his shortage about $1500.

No. 164.—Cross Word Enigma.

> In Elbe, not in Po.
> In line, not in row.
> In April, not in June.
> In lunar, not in moon.
> In lament, not in rue.
> In yellow, not in blue.
> In steam, not in mist.
> My whole is a baldheaded humorist.

No. 165.—Pi.

> A yoglr paresips het noer:
> Het wedmoa karl locras eth norm.
> Eth wed tnselisg rove
> Het sagsr dan teh rolvee
> Sit eujn—nad het rumsem si nobrl

No. 166.—Three Constellations.

No. 167.—Favorite Geraniums.

> (1) Within my window garden stands
> A lady of ye olden time,
> A stately dame, with fair white hands
> At war with every form of crime.
>
> (2) Beside her, clad in red and gold,
> Stands one of noble form and name,
> With martial bearing brave and bold—
> A president of later fame
>
> (3) When springtime sunshine floods the earth,
> The sleeping flowers in field and hedge
> Awake, 'mid sounds of joy and mirth,
> To that which decks my window ledge.
>
> (4) But, standing where the sunset's dower
> Falls lingeringly on leaf and bloom,
> Is one which by its subtle power
> From our lives will take all care and gloom.

No. 168.—Conundrum.

> The hands upon the dial show
> That it is six o'clock –
> My husband's hand is on the gate,
> His step is on the walk.
>
> What similarity exists
> Between the dial's hands
> And him who came so promptly home?
> Tell me, ye puzzling bands.

No. 169.—Two Rhomboids.

Across—1. A light meal. 2. Takes off the skin. 3. Vessels for traveling. 4. Supports. 5. Little quarrels. Down—1. A consonant. 2. Aloft. 3. To seize. 4. That which is gathered from a field. 5. Receives sound. 6. To bring to a conclusion. 7. A German spring. 8. An abbreviated word signifying a sanctified human being. 9. A consonant.

Across—1. The entire. 2. Relating to birth. 3. A girl's name. 4. A mineral. 5. An issue. Down—1. A letter. 2. Upon. 3. To brown. 4. A small particle. 5. Household gods of the Romans. 6. Delayed. 7. A head covering. 8. Behold. 9. A letter.

No. 170.—Incomplete Sentences.

Replace the first blank by a certain word; then take a word from this word without rearranging the letters, and so form the other words indicated by blanks. Example: Psalter, palter, paler.

1. One of the bold —— of the Spanish main often —— of hitting the —— of his victims by giving them two —— with his club.

2. A learned ——, one of the upper caste among the Hindoos, having stated that the —— of a certain ruler was composed of ——, he was placed under a ——.

3. The old tramp will —— in the dirt —— with all who will listen to him, and this he would continue to do till the —— of the house came off or a high —— blew him away.

No. 171.—Hidden Rivers.

1. It's a pity Ned is too lazy to study.
2. Ah! had I George's ability I would do as well.
3. Give Lisa one of those fine pears.
4. A bright color adorns Kate's cheeks.
5. What ails him? How abashed he seems to be.

No. 172.—Beheading.

1. Behead intellectual, and leave to behave well or ill.
2. Angry, and leave to censure violently.
3. The religion of Mohammed, and leave the winning of all the tricks at whist.
4. Overgrown with ivy, and leave contested.
5. Pertaining to pictures or images, and leave round and decreasing to a point.

Taken Literally.

A gentleman traveling tried to impress an argument upon a fellow passenger who did not seem to grasp it. "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C," he exclaimed. "That may be," replied the other, "but I am D E F."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 157.—Crossword Enigma: Hyacinth.

No. 158.—Double Acrostic:

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JusT
TeacH
TardO
RansoM
OkrA
WildernesS
BeseecH
RadeaU
InklinG
DeptH
GazettE
EngrosS
```

No. 159.—Numerical Enigma: "The quality of mercy is not strained."

No. 160.—Charade: Con-tent-ment.

No. 161.—Drop Letter Proverb: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

No. 162.—Geographical Puzzle: From 25 to 1, Boston; 25 to 3, Bergen; 25 to 5, Bengal; 25 to 7, Biscay; 25 to 9, Borneo; 25 to 11, Bogota; 25 to 13, Bremen; 25 to 15, Burmah; 25 to 17, Balkan; 25 to 19, Berlin; 25 to 21, Bombay; 25 to 23, Bangor; 3 to 5, Natal; 7 to 9, Yeddo; 11 to 13, Akron; 15 to 17, Huron; 19 to 21, Nancy; 23 to 1, Rouen; 4 to 6, Etna; 8 to 10, Acre; 12 to 14, Tyre; 16 to 18, Asia; 20 to 22, Iowa; 24 to 2, Ohio.

No. 163.—Famous English Authors: 1. Bacon. 2. Pope. 3. Swift. 4. Butler. 5. Locke. 6. Taylor. 7. Blackstone.